

THE BIG BLUE UNION.

BY G. D. SWEARINGEN.

"Westward the Star of Empire takes its Way."

VOLUME I, NUMBER XIII.

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G. D. SWEARINGEN, Proprietor.

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JNO. P. CONE,
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Wayside Flowers.

"Still, in thy dream-land, Poet,
On what a Heaven of beauty lies;
Purer than the blended glories
Of a thousand sunset skies.
Meads and vales of temper stretching
('Neath soft skies of changeless blue,
O'er whose velvet sod are clustered
Floral Gems and Pearls of dew."

For The Big Blue Union,
THE SUNBEAM.

BY EUGIO.

When through the narrow crevice gleams
A solitary ray, whose beams
Relieve the weary captive's dreams,
In dungeon laid;
Beneath the reeking arch it seems
To expel the shade.
So to the spirit crushed, appears
The kindly word, which gently cheers,
And bids the hapless mourner's tears
To flow no more;
Foreboding doubts and gloomy fears
Do flee before.

More brightly doth the sunbeam start—
More gladness doth that word impart—
For falling on the stricken heart
All unforeseen;
Oh! ever thus extract the dart
Of anguish keen.

Stay not thy hand, be prompt and kind
The bleeding wound to staunch and bind,
And Joy shall follow close behind
To light the way;
Illuming like the cave confined,
Effulgent ray.

While in the light of love I stand
I'll bid defiance to the brand
Of worldly scorn; one loving hand
Shall compensate
For all I suffer by command
Of cruel fate.

Ah! far away or in the tomb
Are they, whose fervor chased the gloom
Of early days, yet still to whom
My bosom swells;
O! may their light through me illumine
Life's prison cells.

TO MY MOTHER.

BY MINNIE.

Mother! sweet mother, why linger away?
Lonely is the spot where they laid thee to rest,
Voices in sorrow are chiding thy stay,
Cold is the sod they have heaped on thy breast.
Sad is our dwelling, and cheerless our hearth.
Why hast thou left us heart broken to weep?
Faded our garb-star, and silent our mirth;
Oh, wilt thou never awaken from sleep?

Come to thy home, 'neath the wide-spreading vine—
Strangers have taken the place that was thine,
Love's tender accents no longer we hear,
Come to us mother—then only art dear.

Was it thy hand gently laid on my brow?
Speak to me, Mother, oh speak to me now.
Art thou in Heaven? There would I be.
When shall I come, dearest Mother, to thee?

—*Leavesworth Conservator.*
Bliss is the hand that prepares a pleasure
For a child, for there is no saying when and
where it may bloom forth. Does not almost every-
body remember some kind hearted man who
showed him a kindness in the days of his child-
hood?

For The Big Blue Union. EDUCATION.

MR. EDITOR:—Returning from a visit in the country, I have been gratified in beholding the real and earnest interest displayed by the citizens of this county in the cause of Education. In many of the settlements, where schools had not heretofore been provided, the citizens have taken the matter in hand with a heart and a will which show that they are fully alive to the importance of the subject; and I was happy to find that nearly all of the schools established this season are in successful operation.

This is a movement which has been long needed, and I trust that no petty bickering nor local jealousies will be allowed to interrupt the progress of these beneficial institutions.

Education has been defined as the means adopted in order to obtain a sound mind in a sound body. Education, viewed in this light, does not neglect the physical development while it conducts the mental and moral training, and Sir, I would most strenuously urge upon the persons who are engaged in the duty of instructing the youth of this section, the necessity of directing their educational efforts in this large and comprehensive manner. The young should not be confined to their tasks until they become pained and exhausted by their studies, but frequent intervals of rest and recreation should be allowed, whereby the little student may be enabled to return to his lesson refreshed and invigorated. And let not parents, through a mistaken notion of advancing the progress of their children, demand a longer time for school hours than children can endure without injury to their physical constitutions. It is absurd to expect of children whose frames are yet weak and but partially developed the steady application and close confinement to mental labor such as is suited to the adult. That system of education which forces the development of the mind at the expense of the body, will only retard the progress of the scholar, and perhaps lay the seeds of disease in his little frame, to blight his prospects after years.

I will not stop now to discuss many and various matters of discipline, but I will say that neglect of the physical and moral culture of the people, I am sorry to say, that an alarming degree of indifference and apathy prevails. Not only have men turned a deaf ear to the injunctions of the moral code, but, worse than all, they have in many instances succeeded in clothing vice in the semblance of virtue, and by specious arguments, imposed upon the people. Such has been the course of secession leaders in the States of the rebellious south.

The pride of local interests and institutions has been magnified until the love of country was destroyed, and the sacred name of Liberty has been invoked to support one of the most crushing despotisms the world ever saw, the tyranny of a mob.

Sir, had the moral culture of the people advanced as rapidly as their intellectual training, we should not now have to deplore the bloodshed and disasters of this war, and until the cardinal principle of Christianity, to do to others as we would be done unto—until this principle is more firmly impressed upon the minds and hearts of men, the world will continue in its course of ambition, selfishness, tyranny, revolution and ruin.

I think, sir, the fundamental error in popular ethics, is that of bribing the

youthful mind by the promise of some temporal reward for moral excellence.

Thus is the grand object of existence represented to be in worldly advantages, which do not always terminate a life of virtue, but unfortunately, often fall to the share of unscrupulous and dishonest men.

Let us have a system of morals promulgated in our schools which shall teach children to hate sin because it is sin and to love virtue for its own sake.

Let us teach the young to revere that man who bravely stems the current of popular error, and to detest a villain, although borne into the haven of safety upon the waves of general applause.

SPARTACUS.

FATE OF A TRAITOR.—A correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette, with Gen. Mitchell's Division of the army at Huntsville, Ala., relates the following: "Walking through one of the most pleasant of Huntsville's streets, to-day, the bare and blackened walls of a once splendid house presented themselves to my view. The gentleman at my side remarked, there is a sad history connected with these ruins.—The man who owned the property was, a few weeks since, second in influence to no one in the South, with a lovely family, a thorough education, and great wealth. It seemed that nothing was lacking to complete his earthly happiness. In one short month he was hurled from his proud position of influence in Davis' Cabinet, his two young sons were lying dangerously wounded in the Corinth hospitals; his city and country mansion laid waste by an incendiary torch; an exile from his home, houseless, wifeless, Pope Walker is turned adrift upon the cold charities of a people whom he has been instrumental in deceiving into a cruel rebellion. How emblematic of Gen. Walker's fortunes are those walls!"

ONLY OUR OPINION.—When the Inquirer was established, we refrained from expressing what kind of a paper we thought it would be, though we knew the proprietors were of the meanest stamp of pro-secession border-ruffians in '56. We have been reading its treasonable pages since it started, and we believe publication is a daily insult to the loyal people of Kansas. It is astonishing how a man with a spark of honor in his heart, can, under his own name, write and publish so many bare-faced falsehoods as appear in the editorial columns of that paper. The man who can so unblushingly and shamelessly lie, must be lost to honor and lost to truth.—*Oskaloosa Independent.*

"LO NECS."—The Cleveland Plaindealer has a correspondence between two servant girls. Mary Jane Peck, in one of her letters, thus describes the latest style of dress to Maria Ann, who lives in the country:

"As for the lo nees the loer it is the more fashionabel you are and the less cloz you ware the more you are dressed. mis Goolra gave me a blu silk uv herz and cut its nec orf and swan simons cut orf herz and we attrax a grate deal ov atten-shun to our nees promenadin in the streets like other ladies and holdin up our cloz, and the hieer you holze them the more you are thot ov."

MONEY WELL LAID OUT.—"No money is better spent," says Dr. Johnson, "than what is laid out for domestic satisfaction.—A man is pleased that his wife is dressed as well as other people, and the wife is pleased that she is well dressed." This must have been said when Mrs. Johnson had just worried the doctor out of a new gown.

It has been suggested as a severe punishment to rebel women in loyal communities, that their looking-glasses be taken from them.

A man winds up his clock to make it run, and his business to make it stop.

Intercepted Letters.

Published letters from the intercepted southern mails are often of as much interest as Smith's "Two Penny Post Bag." They reveal the inner sentiment of the people, and in most cases go to show that even in the most intelligent circles the cause of the Confederacy is deemed hopeless. We extract the following interesting paragraphs from letters found at New Orleans:

"If the war continues, (and it will for years,) it seems as if it would be almost impossible for us to live, some will die of starvation, some of grief and some of sickness. I am going out to-morrow to beg butter, eggs, or knick-knacks of any kind to send to the sick soldiers at Corinth. So many of our acquaintances have been lost at Shiloh! The bodies have been brought home and buried at their old homes. * * I am listening as I write, to the cannons on the Mississippi. For two days and nights they have rung through the air. BERTHA."

THE DIM STAR OF KENTUCKY.

Annie G., from Prairie Home, Kentucky, says: "War has pervaded every hamlet, and misery has stalked in its wake. I have ever thought that brave and patriotic breasts, and strong arms would rear from the ruins of a political fabric one more glorious than Heaven's sun has yet shone upon, and that when revolution's chaotic cloud should unmask it to the world, its brightest jewel would be the star of Kentucky. But now such thoughts are blasted."

* * * Mon Cher Ami: Will the long life never end? Weary am I a sighing—weary of dreaming by night and weeping by day for my own husband. Oh, mon Dieu, mon Dieu! In this world will men never be kind? In the tomb will the true God forgive the brothers who, in the dark hours of this world's life, sought each other's blood? I suffer! Is death coming? Each crash of the iron guns below the city makes a widow or a childless mother. I would shriek, and drown the sound. It is useless. Hereafter, husband—my own—hereafter we may meet. ADA.

A COLLOQUY.—The following is a scene in real life. A stranger whom we never set eyes on before, enters the office, and proceeds to make the following remarks: "Say, Mister, they tell me this is the place to get the news. Jest stop that writin a minit, and tell us how 'tis. What's the last fightin news? Who's lick'd?—Come tell us all about it."

The editor lifts his head from the manuscript before him, and, glancing at the stranger, says respectfully:

"My dear sir, I am very busy just at this moment, and of course can't go into details. Here is the evening paper, however which contains all the latest news."

The stranger extends his hands gracefully, and taking the newspaper he glances at it a moment, and then turns to leave the office with the paper in his hand. The editor feels it his duty to utter the appended remarks:

"Look here sir! We have a careless habit in this office of charging a small amount for those papers! It's a way we have which helps us to live."

The stranger looks surprised and responds:

"Charge do you? Why gracious! I thought you gin 'em away. I can't afford to take a paper when it costs anything."

"Well, sir," retorts the editor, with some acidity in his tone, "we can't afford to let you have that document. If you can't afford to pay five cents to gratify your desire to have the latest news, you have no particular business about a printing office. You ought to have gumption enough to know that every one of those papers cost us time and money; and if we get no return for expenses, how are we going to live?"—*Democracy Register.*

A Tax Bill for the Ladies, the Beaux and the Bachelors.

Since the passage of the tax bill, the following amendments have been suggested as appropriate, by a correspondent who hopes that Congress will reconsider the bill, and add his amendments: He says: Since the report of the tax bill was published, several new amendments have been proposed as follows:

For kissing a pretty girl, \$1.
For kissing a homely one, \$2—the extra amount being added, probably, as a punishment for the man's folly.
For ladies kissing each other, \$10—the tax is placed at this rate in order to break up the custom altogether, it being regarded by our M. C. as a piece of inexcusable absurdity.

For every flirtation, 10 cents.
Every young man who has more than one "gal," to be taxed \$5.
For courting in the kitchen, 25 cents.
Courting in the sitting-room, 50 cts.
Courting in the parlor, \$1.
Courting in a romantic place, \$1, and 50 cents for each offense thereafter.

Seeing a lady home from church, 25 cents for each offense.
Seeing a lady home from church society 5 cents—the proceeds to be appropriated to the relief of disabled army chaplains.
For a lady who paints, 50 cents.
For wearing low necked dresses, \$1.
For each curl on a lady's head, above ten, 5 cents.

For every unfair device for entrapping young men into the sin of matrimony, \$5.
For wearing hoops larger than ten feet in circumference, 8 cents per hoop.
Old bachelors over thirty, \$10.
Over forty, \$20.
Over fifty, \$50, and sentenced to banishment to Utah.

Each pretty lady is to be taxed from 25 cents to \$25—she is to fix the estimate on her own beauty. It is thought that a very large amount will be realized from this provision.

Secret agents to collect the tax to be stationed in every town and village in the Union.

GEN. SCOTT GOES IN FOR HANGING.—The Albany Evening Journal says:

In conversation with a distinguished clergyman from this city who was at Gen. Scott's residence last week, the General said: "I think Davis will not be caught. He will probably escape through Texas into Mexico. To the more prominent traitors who may be taken, I would mete out a system of judicious but liberal hanging."

At a public meeting in London recently, George F. Train speaking of Dr. Russell and the Times, said: "The time has arrived for the world to understand that the whole action of the Times through its leaders and its correspondent, has been to weigh golden sovereigns in the scale against human life and human misery."

Prentice says: We have about made up our mind to accept an invitation to deliver a Fourth of July oration in Richmond.—President Lincoln and his Cabinet, we are told, will occupy places upon the platform.

Let the youth who stands at the bar with a glass of liquor in his hand, consider which he had better throw away—the liquor or himself.

Pursuit of pleasure under difficulties—attempting to eat mush and milk out a jug with a knitting needle.

How to avoid drowning: Always keep your head above water.

To escape trouble from neisy children: send them to your neighbors, visiting.

The man who was lost in slumber found his way out on a night mare.

Corkscrews have sunk more people than cork jackets will keep up.

He who sows brambles must not go barefoot